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HOME COLONY PLANNED BY UPTON SINCLAIR

By UPTON SINCLAIR in the Independent, June 14.

I HAVE a problem to solve. I write an article about it for the reason that there are others troubled with it, and I believe that a number of people might solve it together where each would fail by himself.

In carrying out my purpose I am obliged to discuss what the world would call my "private affairs." So I explain at the outset that I am a socialist and consider that the private affairs of most individuals constitute the most important public affair now existing. I discuss my own because they are typical and because they happen to be the ones with which I am most familiar.

The problem is the one commonly known as the "servant problem." I invite you to consider the situation of a man who is possessed of a small family and a small income and wishes to be free to turn his attention to intellectual pursuits.

Ideal Place to Rear a Child.

For the past two years we have lived upon a farm, and a farm is the ideal place to bring up a child, you have read in the books. At the outset a hunger for companionship seized our David, and he found his way to a neighbor's and played with a little girl who stuttered. After a week or two we found that he was stuttering, too, and stopped the visits, but too late, and now, for all I know, he may continue to say every word three times over as long as he lives. And when he was not learning to stutter he was up in the pear orchard stuffing himself or behind the house swimming the baby ducks and his shoes in the washtub or out in the kitchen mixing himself a pudding of pepper cruets, candlesticks and milk. So it was found necessary to get some one to take care of him, so little by little the problem has arisen, for you must understand that it is not merely a question of finding a governess or kindergarten expert; it is a question of setting up and keeping under way a home for him, and it is a question of an establishment of servants.

The mistake was in the beginning—you say—if you object to servants you ought never to have married. But is a man to be denied the privilege of parenthood just because he happens to possess an intellect? And is it for the best interests of the race that its future generations should be furnished exclusively by the ignorant and callous? And if authors, artists, scientists and philosophers are to reproduce their kind what is to be done? Shall they have to marry their housekeepers? I have made many sacrifices for my art, but I confess that that one would have staggered me.

Of course we can do it if we must. We can stick to the farm and raise all our own food and keep our health and do it all at moderate expense, but how pitiful it is! We cannot travel; we can never hear any music or attend the theater; we can have only books and our own thoughts winter and summer, year in and year out. We cannot send our child to a kindergarten, to school; he can never be with other children. Can a mere writer of original books afford a house in the city or city prices for impure food? And of course we cannot keep a wide awake boy in a boarding house or apartment. No, we must have our own home and in the country, so our thoughts come back from every flight. Let us make one desperate effort to try to get good servants and then pay them anything and keep them, and then when we get the machine running let us get a little house near by and keep it for our own and allow no one there and go and live there and eat cold food and do our own work whenever we wish to be alone with our thoughts.

That was our plan until I took the resolution to write this article. There are hundreds and even thousands in exactly the same plight, I said. And why should they all sink back and reconcile themselves to the monstrous absurdities of isolated housekeeping?

As a preliminary to explaining what I wish to propose I shall state one thing that I do not propose. I am not dreaming any sort of self supporting colony, to set a new ideal and realize the co-operative commonwealth. What I am making here is a simple business profession for an association of people who may possess a moderate income to secure the benefits of the application of the machine process to their domestic affairs.

Living Like a Feudal Baron.

Here am I on my little farm living as my ancestors lived, like a cave man or a feudal baron. I have my little castle and my retainers and dependents to attend me, and we practice a hundred different trades—the trade of serving meals and the trade of cleaning dishes, the trade of washing and ironing clothes, of killing and dressing meat, of churning butter, of baking bread, of grinding meal, of raising chickens, of cutting wood, of preserving fruit, of heating a house, of decorating rooms, of training children and of writing books—and all these crowded into one establishment, in close proximity and all jarring and clashing with each other and all carried on in the most primitive and barbarous fashion upon a small scale and by unskilled hand labor. It takes a hundred cooks to prepare a hundred meals badly, while twenty cooks could prepare one meal for a hundred families and do it perfectly. It costs $100,000 to build and equip a hundred kitchens; it would cost only $5,000 to build one kitchen. It takes a hundred churns and a hundred aching backs to make a thousand pounds of butter; it would take only one machine and a man to tend it to make the same thousand pounds, and the cost of making it would be cut 95 per cent. But, of course, you cannot have large buttermaking except it is done for profit, and that means adulteration and poisoning. It takes a hundred ignorant nursemaids to take care of the children of a hundred families and develop every kind of ugliness and badness in them. It would take only twenty or thirty trained nurses and kindergarten teachers to take care of them co-operatively and bring them up according to the teachings of science.

One could show this same thing in a thousand different forms if it were necessary, but it has all been reasoned out in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's book, "The Home," and any one to whom the idea is new may read it there. The purpose of this paper is not to persuade any one, but to move to action those already persuaded. To such I offer my co-operation.

Near to New York.

The following embodies my own conception of what such a "home colony" should be. It would be located within an hour of New York and would have 100 families and 300 or 400 acres of land, healthfully located, near some body of water and as unspoiled by the hand of man as possible. It should have an abundant water supply and a filtering plant, an electric light and power plant and a large garden and farm, raising its own stock, meat, poultry, fruit and vegetables and canning the last for winter use. It should be administered by a board of directors democratically elected. For the management of its various departments salaried experts should be employed, machinery should be installed wherever it could be made to pay, and the best modern methods should be applied in every industry. All its purchases should be in bulk and tested for quality, and so far as the preparation and serving of food is concerned the processes should be kept as aseptic as a surgical operation.

The buildings of this home colony should be of frame at the outset, of simple and expressive design, each structure exactly adapted to its specific purpose. The buildings should be conveniently grouped—those for the children in one place, those for cooking and eating in another, those for reading, for music and social intercourse, for recreation and exercise in still other places. The greater part of the land would of course be given up to farm and woodland and to the individual dwellings of the families. The ground available for this latter purpose should be divided into lots, priced according to size and location and leased to stockholders for long terms. Each would erect his own home, according to his own taste—a home of course of a kind hitherto unknown, with no provision for the cooking of food or the training of children or other trades and professions. It would be a place where the family met, to rest and play and sleep. It might be large or small, anything that the owner chose to make it. My own would be a four or five room cottage of rustic design, and it would cost from $600 to $800. Besides these there should be apartment buildings owned by the colony and dormitories with rooms for single men and women.

As to the public buildings, there should be a large and beautiful dining hall and a modern, scientifically constructed kitchen. There should be separate tables for each family or for congenial groups of people. The service should be unexceptionable, the food simple, but perfect in quality and preparation. There should be a vegetarian service for those who prefer this cheaper mode of life, and the charge for board should be based upon the cost of the service. I will probably be laughed at, but I believe that, granting the land, horses and machinery, buildings, equipment and capital, the members of such a colony as I describe could be provided with perfect service and an abundance of food of the best quality at a total cost of $100 a year per person.

A Children's Heaven.

So much for the co-operative preparation of food. And now for the caring for children. There should be two separate establishments, one for infants, who like to sleep, and one for children, who like to run and shout. Both should be scientifically constructed and ventilated and kept as clean as an up to date hospital. The food should be prepared under the general direction of a physician. No building for children should be over two stories high, and the upper windows should be beyond the reach of children. No matches or exposed fire should be permitted, and there should be a night watchman, fire extinguishers and an automatic sprinkling apparatus. These establishments should be under the supervision of a board of women directors, and the actual work of caring for the children, washing, dressing and feeding them, playing with them and teaching them, should be done by trained nurses and kindergarten teachers who live in the colony as the friends and social equals of its members. In other words, it is my idea that the caring for children should be recognized as a profession and that servants should have nothing to do with it. It is my idea that it should be done in a place built for the purpose, with floors for babies to crawl where there is no dirt for them to eat, with playgrounds for children where there are no stoves and no boiling water, no staircases and wells, no cats and dogs, no workbaskets, lamps, pianos, sewing machines, jam closets, inkstands and authors' writing tables. Instead there should be sleeping rooms and bedrooms and sun parlors for nursing mothers, a separate building for the sick, kindergarten rooms and indoor playgrounds for bad weather, and a big all outdoors romping ground, with sunny places and shady places, swings, rocking horses, sand piles and all other accessories of a children's heaven.

Every member of the community I propose would have his own home, to which he would invite his personal friends as he chose, and the other members of the community he would meet in the same way that he meets acquaintances in business and politics, in theaters, restaurants and clubs. In a colony of a hundred families there ought to be persons of every kind of inclination, and it would not be in the least necessary for any one to associate with those who are not congenial. This spirit, if wisely and earnestly cultivated, would solve the "servant problem" for the colony and solve the health problem for its members as well.

In this community every member would be credited for the time he worked, and it ought to become the custom for the men to help with the harvests and the women with the preserving of fruit and the children with the berry picking and the weeding of the gardens. I have no doubt that there are thousands of young men and women in New York city, students of art and music and the professions, who would be glad of a chance to earn their way in a community where class feeling did not make labor degrading. I appreciate the difficulties in the way of such a project, the chances at present against a coal heaver being a socially possible person, and I am not insisting that the day laborers should share in the privileges of the community. But I do think that this should certainly be the case with those whom we select to care for and teach our children and also, if possible, with those whom we permit to prepare and serve our food. If I am not willing to shake a man's hand or sit next to him in a reading room I do not see why I should be willing to eat what he has cooked.

Building For Social Purposes.

There would be a laundry in the colony, a boat, livery, and bath houses, a drug store, a general store, a refreshment room. There would, of course, be a complete telephone service, electric lights and hot water or electric heating throughout the buildings. There would be a resident physician, and perhaps before long teachers of music and languages might find it worth while to join the colony. There would, of course, be a building for social purposes, with large plazzas for summer and sun parlors for winter. There would be a hall for lectures, concerts, theatricals and dancing. There would be a reading room and a circulating library of periodicals and recent books. It is your custom to spend, say, $50 or $100 a year for these, and you could achieve your purpose co-operatively for a fifth of the expense. There would be a gymnasium and a swimming pool and, of course, tennis and croquet and baseball grounds. There would be stages to meet all trains and closed conveyances to convey people to and from the dining hall in bad weather. There would be a livery stable, at which you could hire or keep a rig for about one-fourth what it would cost you elsewhere.

I think that such a community should be planned for the accommodation of a certain number of members and the necessary working force and should be limited to these. Not all of the members need be stockholders, of course. Others might be admitted to the benefits of the association, but in that case the stock should pay dividends, and in any case the management of the corporation would have to be vested exclusively in the stockholders. For the administration of the various industries there would have to be a superintendent, a man of first class executive ability, responsible to the board of directors, and there would be a corps of managers of departments, each a thoroughly experienced man; a manager of the farm and stables, of the truck and flower gardens, of the purchasing department and the co-operative store, of the catering department, of the buildings and grounds, the power plant and the heating department. How many such men there should be and what they should be paid, how many employees of all sorts would be necessary, is one of the questions upon which expert advice is needed. I am willing to get a complete set of figures for the enterprise I have outlined, provided that I hear from a sufficient number of people to make it worth while. I am perfectly and seriously in earnest about the matter, willing to give my time to it, for years if need be. I hope to hear from 100 or 200 people who are interested. I am willing to undertake the enterprise with as few as twenty families. I wish to hear not merely from those who will invest as stockholders, but also from those who will rent or build homes—from men and women who are willing to contribute their labor as waiters, cooks, nurses, teachers or managers, and from persons having business experience who would like to help me in working out this plan.

Bellboys.

Huckleberries are getting ripe and the small boys of Duplin will soon have bells on as they go about through the forests gathering them in, says the Duplin Journal. We give this notice in advance in order that the farmers will understand when they hear the jingling and tingling of the bells.

Indiana Cabin Raising

There was a "log cabin raisin'" at Buzzard's Roost the other afternoon—the first in Marion county, Ind., it is thought, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, says the Indianapolis News. It was of the old fashioned sort all through, with four or five men doing nearly all the work and about twenty men lounging about on convenient piles of lumber and logs and offering good advice.

The manner in which the cabin was "raised" was not the only interesting feature connected with it. On Easter day of 1897 William Watson Woollen of Indianapolis was wandering along Fall creek between Millersville and what is now the Benjamin Harrison army post when he "discovered" Buzzard's Roost. It was simply an unnamed tract of forty-four acres of wilderness, and its primitive state appealed to Mr. Woollen's love of nature in the rough. He determined to be the owner of that forty-four acres, and in a few months he was. When he "discovered" the tract a man told him of the number of turkey buzzards that were in the habit of roosting in a big tree on the land, and therefore Mr. Woollen gave to it its present name.

He bought the land that a bit of primitive Indiana might be preserved to the future generations, and the log cabin is a part of this scheme. The city of Indianapolis is to receive the tract of land and the cabin some day without charge, according to Mr. Woollen's plans, when he no longer is here to enjoy it. "When fifty or more years have passed," he explains, "there will be at least one place in this state where people can go and see the way their forefathers lived in primitive Indiana—see not only the tangle of forest and the old log cabin, but also some of Indiana's native birds."

It is probable that Mr. Woollen will spend his last years in the cabin when he is ready to retire from active life. He is never so happy as when near to nature and when surrounded by his friends, the birds. He has planted more than 800 cherry trees in the rich bottom lands, along with many berry bushes, and in this way the place will be self supporting before it is turned over to the city. The rest of the land will be left in its present primitive state.

But to revert to the "cabin raisin'" and the raisers. For several weeks the work preliminary to a recent Saturday's event had been going on. Trees had been cut here and there out of Buzzard's Roost forest in such manner that their loss would not be noticed, and these logs had been dragged to the top of the hill, where there was a small clearing in the thicket. There they had been hewed roughly into shape. Meanwhile a big basement of cement blocks had been built. Then the cabin had been built up about three logs high by men hired for the work.

And then the invitations were sent out by word of mouth to all of the farmers in the neighborhood to attend the "cabin raisin'." These accommodating neighbors began to arrive early in the morning, and about the time that the ordinary dweller in the city was turning over in his bed for his "beauty sleep" the ax and the adze were sounding from the clearing, and chips were flying in all directions.

Four or six lusty farmers would slip two or three heavy poles under a log, pick it up and carry it to the wall. There they would heft it to the top of the log wall by main strength, and two men on top would trim the ends of the log so that it would lie firmly in place at each corner of the cabin. Only a few men could be employed at a time, so the others lounged about, chatting, offering good advice or sharpening their jackknives on the big grindstone. By the time that Mr. Woollen had arrived the work was well under way, and he was asked, with a friendly grin, if he had come to lay the cornerstone. He really was not needed, for the men worked as though raising log cabins had been an everyday pursuit with them, and about all there was for him to do was to hand up tools occasionally to the men on the wall and to keep out of the way of the men who were carrying the logs.

The cabin is practically two cabins of one room each and a basement, connected by a covered porch, and each room is eighteen feet square. In each will be a big, old fashioned fireplace with a crane. In one a sister of Mrs. Woollen, Mrs. Pruenetta Mapes of Vincennes, will make her home, and the other is to be fitted up for a summer school for nature study. A library of suitable books will be furnished and a big table and plenty of easy chairs.

The cabin is patterned after that in which Mr. Woollen was reared, which stood about a mile and a half from Buzzard's Roost. From recollection Mr. Woollen made a rough sketch, and from this an architect made a drawing. A peculiar feature of the building at the present time is the fact that no provision has been made for doors or windows, and this looks a bit strange to the "tenderfoot," but assurance is given that it is customary to build log cabins with unbroken walls and then chop and saw suitable openings for doors and windows before the openings between the logs are chinked with plaster and bits of wood.

Waist Buttoning Accident.

While attempting to button her dress the other night Miss Weisenborn of Belleville, Ill., broke her arm. She was about to attend a party and was dressing in haste. All went well until she went to put on her waist. Of course it buttons up the back, and Miss Weisenborn had to do it herself, says a Belleville dispatch. She started at the top and fastened the first six buttons without difficulty. Then she started at the bottom, and six more were quickly fastened, but the seventh from the top, which was also the seventh from the bottom, defied her. She twisted and bent and went through all kinds of contortions in vain efforts to fasten that thirteenth button. Suddenly there was a snap, and her arm fell helpless by her side. One of the bones had broken.

MRS. CONGER'S BIG PROFIT.

Bought a Rug In China For $90, Sold It For $7,000.

Mrs. E. H. Conger, when her husband was minister to China, purchased a rug in that country for $90 and later sold it in Chicago for $7,000. The story was recently made public by friends of the Congers at Des Moines, Ia., says a dispatch from that city.

Mrs. Conger bought the rug against the protest of her husband shortly before their return from the orient. Mr. Conger declared his wife would get cheated, but Mrs. Conger had her way. A Chicago man heard of the rug, asked to see it, and after examining it offered $7,000 for it. This offer was accepted.

With the money Mrs. Conger has built a home in California in which the family will permanently reside.

Musical Announcement of Betrothal.

Decidedly odd was the way in which a Providence girl recently announced her engagement to a Boston young man, says the New York Press. She sent out invitations to an "informal musical evening." On arriving, every guest received a programme adorned with a bow of white satin ribbon and embellished by a sprinkling of hearts. At the top was written, "An evening with the bride to be." The entire programme was composed of love songs and by the time the musical story was finished the girl was receiving congratulations from her friends. The supper cards were decorated with a few bars of the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

The First Man Dressmaker.

As far back as 1730 there was in Paris a man dressmaker, probably the first of his kind. His name was Rhomberg, and he was the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. He owed his success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He drove a beautiful carriage on the boulevard and had an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of corsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. He left a large fortune to his heirs.

Surgery That Leaves No Scar.

Some of the hospitals in London are employing for operations an unnamed surgeon who has perfected a method of incising the skin without leaving a visible scar, says a London cable dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. His method is based on the practice of cutting the skin slantwise instead of at right angles to the surface and is one of the most important advances in surgery in recent years.

FAVORITE OF THE PRESIDENT

The late Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, uncle of the president, was held in high esteem by the chief executive, who always looked forward to their annual reunions with the greatest of pleasure, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Tribune. Of late years, on account of the president's manifold duties, which made it well nigh impossible for him to spare the time to go to Sayville, Mr. Roosevelt had done most of the visiting to his nephew. The last time the president went to Sayville was in the summer of 1904, when he rode horseback across Long Island from Oyster Bay in company with his boys. Mr. Roosevelt paid the president a visit last winter, arriving in Washington without troubling to send any advance notice of his coming. The old man never paid much attention to the subject of clothes, preferring to wear what was most comfortable, and so when he arrived at the door of the White House office building one morning the doorkeepers thought him some venerable farmer who was "seeing the sights."

"I'd like to see the president," the old man said to the doorkeepers.

"You'll have to see his doorkeeper first," said one of the policemen at the outer door, and Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to make his wants known to Major Charles Loeffler. Major Loeffler looked Mr. Roosevelt over, was not particularly impressed with his appearance, perhaps, and told him that the president was "busy." Then Mr. Roosevelt tried Secretary Loeb's door with equal lack of success. John Haus, the doorkeeper on guard, told him that the secretary was "busy" too.

While Mr. Roosevelt was standing first on one foot and then on the other, in an irresolute way, he was recognized by one of the secret service men who had seen him in Sayville on the occasion of the president's visit. The detective steered him into Mr. Loeb's room in a jiffy, and the secretary hustled him into the president's office in less time than it takes to set this type.

The president happened to be in the cabinet room at that moment and did not see his uncle's entrance. This did not disturb the old man in the least, however, for he threw himself into one of the big leather armchairs, took a long black cigar from his pocket, lit it, crossed his legs and breathed a sigh of relief.

The president spied him in a moment. With a shout of delight, he cried, "Why, Uncle Robert!" leaving the senators and members of congress in the cabinet room. "How are you? I am awfully glad to see you. When did you get in? Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

As the president fired the volley of questions at him he rushed up and pumphandled him in a way that would have struck terror to a less vigorous man than Robert B. Roosevelt. The president devoted half an hour to his uncle right then and there before going back to the waiting statesmen.

IMPROVING MAIL DELIVERY.

Rural Carriers to Examine Only Boxes Displaying Signals.

In view of the great loss of time necessarily involved by requiring rural carriers to examine every mail box on their routes each day, an exhaustive inquiry, covering a period of several months, has been conducted by the postoffice department to determine whether or not a change in the regulation is advisable, says a Washington special dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This inquiry has brought out the fact that for the purpose of delivering and collecting mail at those boxes with which they have actual business carriers would only be required to make daily visits to about one-half of the total number of boxes on their routes.

Figuring the average number of boxes on a standard route at eighty and the time taken to serve each box as two minutes, it is shown that by the present system of calling at and examining every box on each route a total of about two and three-fourths hours is consumed per route, whereas if carriers are required to call at and examine none except those boxes with which they have business to transact the service of each average route will be expedited more than one hour's time. In other words, the people living at the farther end of a route will receive their mail that much earlier in the day.

It has therefore been decided that after July 1, 1906, carriers when making their trips will visit and examine only those boxes for which they have mail for delivery and those on which the signals are displayed to indicate that there is mail for dispatch. By the new ruling patrons will need to display the signals on their boxes when they deposit mail therein for carriers to collect, and the carriers will be required to raise the signals on patrons' boxes when they deliver mail.

Those patrons who are now maintaining mail boxes on which there are no signals will need to fix up or procure some sort of device which will serve as a signal to carriers.

Golden Circlets For the Hair.

Women who have returned from Paris recently have brought specimens of a new hair ornament, a gold circlet like a bracelet, but larger, says the New York Press. The slender gold band, set with jewels, has a comb at each side to hold it in place. A society girl who is to be married soon wore one of the circlets a few nights ago in Sherry's at New York, and the result was highly effective. Her hair was full around the face and was piled in a high knot on top, the circlet fitting closely around the base of the knot. The effect was to make an aureole of her beautiful bronze hair with the crown set off by the Roman gold band, which was studded with small diamonds.

Kang Hi Like Teddy

Baron Speck von Sternburg, ambassador from Germany to the United States, delivered the principal address the other day at the commencement exercises of the University of Illinois at Urbana, Ill., says a dispatch from that city. In the course of his address he said:

"The spiritual bonds between our two nations, especially during the last thirty years, have been a powerful factor. The increase in the number of men of university training in the United States and in Germany during this period has been pointed out as one of the most remarkable facts of our epoch.

"Higher education has adjusted itself to the needs of our modern life, and the demand for university education is more earnest in both countries than anywhere else and has become far more general. Our people at large have awakened to the one thing needed for national success—the growth of a truly scientific spirit in the conduct of affairs, from the smallest industry to the administration of the state itself.

"In Germany the scientific spirit has penetrated into every branch of business, into every factory. Empirical systems, which have not adapted themselves to the changes, have one by one gone to the wall. It has become a frequent saying that the German university professor is the father of modern German industry. This is true to the word. He has harnessed science to industry and has brought Teuton energy, enterprise and perseverance to its fullest development.

"Emperor Kang Hi of China issued a treatise which his grateful people named the 'Holy Edict.' Kang Hi was the second emperor of the present dynasty, the Chings, which overthrew the corrupt and degenerated Mings. He, like Frederick the Great, was not only a highly successful warrior, but a statesman and artist of great renown.

"Characteristic are the inscriptions of the seals of Kang Hi. They contain two impressions—one the characters 'attend to the people;' the other, 'venerate heaven.' Every country which expects to be prosperous, every individual who wants to perform his duty and find happiness in life, can today do no better than follow the teachings of the 'Holy Edict.' At a glance those who read them and have read or listened to the quotations in the speeches of President Roosevelt must be struck by the extraordinary similarity of the two. Let me give a few examples:

"Kang Hi says: 'Cultivate filial piety and brotherly love, for thereby will be honored social morality.' President Roosevelt says: 'We must in our lives, in our efforts, endeavor to further the cause of brotherhood.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Esteem thrift and economy, for thereby is saved money in business.' President Roosevelt says: 'Only by avoidance of spending money on what is needless or unjustifiable can we legitimately keep our income to the point required to meet our needs that are genuine.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Promote academic institutions, for thereby are established scholarly habits.' President Roosevelt says: 'Of all the work that is done or that can be done for our country the greatest is that of educating the body, the mind and, above all, the character.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Explain laws and ordinances, for thereby are warned the foolish and obstinate.' President Roosevelt says: 'When we make it evident that all men, great and small alike, have to obey the law, we put the safeguard of the law around all men.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Recommend polite speech, for thereby is refined the social atmosphere.' President Roosevelt says: 'Speak softly'—the following words you all know.

"Kang Hi says: 'Develop legitimate business, for thereby the people's desire is rendered pacific.' President Roosevelt says: 'Our laws should be so drawn as to protect and encourage corporations which do their honest duty by the public.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Keep disciplined the forces, for thereby are prevented thefts and robberies.' President Roosevelt says: 'A good navy is not provocative of war; it is the surest guarantee of peace.'

"Kang Hi says: 'Settle enmities and dissensions, for thereby you protect human lives.' President Roosevelt says: 'Every thinking man rejoices when by mediation or arbitration it proves possible to settle troubles in time to avert suffering.'

"The style of Kang Hi's maxims shows the conventional character of the orthodox Confucianist and naturally may appear pedantical to you. But I think you will agree that it is a remarkable document which reveals the famost thought of a great Chinese ruler and runs closely on the lines of thought of President Roosevelt."

Hats For Horses.

The styles for this summer's equine millinery follow the shapes of last year, but are more highly colored, says the Boston Herald. An express horse met in Cambridge the other day wore a burnt shade bonnet trimmed with his own ears and a perky red and yellow quill that his waggish owner had stuck at the popular angle. It gave its unconscious wearer a most rakish air.

In Darkest Africa.

"I read the news," said King Gooroo,
"And sad I am to see then
How folks in faroff Christian lands
Bamboozle us poor heathen.

"That rank 'canned missionary' stew
I had today for dinner
I'm sure was not a saintly man,
But some ungodly sinner."

—New York World.